

HEREFORD MUSICAL FESTIVAL.

SEPTEMBER 12TH, 13TH, 14TH, AND 15TH, 1876.

MDLLE TIEJENS.
MISS BERTHA GRIFFITHS.
MDME EDITH WYNNE.
MDME TREBELLI-BETTINI.
MISS ENRIQUEZ.

MR SIMS REEVES.
MR W. H. CUMMINGS.
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CONDUCTOR—MR G. TOWNSHEND SMITH.

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announce his CHANGE of RESIDENCE. All Communications relating to Oratorio or Concert Engagements should be addressed—Riblesdale Villa, Union Road, Clapham, S.W.**MRS OSGOOD** begs to request that all communications respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Oratorio and Miscellaneous Concerts be addressed to 9, St Luke's Road, Westbourne Park, W.**MR VALENTINE FABRINI** begs to intimate that all Communications regarding Oratorios, Concerts, &c., be addressed to his New Residence, 1, Dynevor Villas, Richmond, S.W., instead of 13, Queen Square, W.C.**MADAME MARIE BELVAL (Contralto)** requests all Communications respecting Concerts, Oratorios, and Lessons, be addressed to her residence, 7, Cavendish Place, Cavendish Square, W.; or care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.**MR CHAS. ABERCROMBIE (Tenor)** begs to announce that he has arrived in Town for the Season. All letters respecting ENGAGEMENTS for Concerts, Oratorios, &c., to be addressed, care of Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co., 244, Regent Street, W.**SUMMER HOLIDAYS.—A series of interesting TOURS**
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Academy, London, and the Conservatorium, Stuttgart. For Terms, &c., apply to Miss EDITH JERNINGHAM, 33, Craven Road, Westbourne Terrace, Hyde Park, W.**LANSDOWNE COTTELL'S COMPOSITIONS.****MESSRS MOUTRIE & SON** have the pleasure of announcing arrangements with Mr COTTELL, enabling them to publish a New Composition, Monthly (Vocal or Instrumental). The success of his new "Wedding March" has encouraged them in requesting Mr COTTELL to arrange it as a Pianoforte Duet. They anticipate a greater demand than ever for his last Compositions. Pianoforte and Music Saloons, 55, Baker Street, W. Catalogues post free.**BRIGHTON CONCERT AGENTS.****PIANOFORTE AND MUSICSELLERS,**
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Come where the tangled beeches grow.
My Darling's Last Smile.
Sad sounds the harp now.
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Sing me the songs that I loved long ago.
The Piquet.

The Wild, White Rose.
A boatman's life for me.
My Lily.
Sing, dearest, sing.
Many weary years ago.
Return of the Exile.
Glory or the Grave.
The Alpine Hunter.
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The Buckles on her Shoes.
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"VENEZIA," performed with great success in Italy, is now published complete, for Voice and Pianoforte, price 18s. net, post free. "Donna Gentil," the favourite Romanza, sang by Mr Santley (in F, treble clef), post free for 24 stamps. The separate vocal pieces, pianoforte arrangements, &c. RICORDI'S Depot of Italian Music, 23, Charles Street, Middlesex Hospital, London, W.**THEORY OF MUSIC (A First Book on the).** By LOUISA
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THIRTEENTH YEAR P.R.W.C. & E.

ROYAL ITALIAN OPERA.

The various incidents of the season were described so regularly from time to time as they occurred that a very few general observations by way of retrospect may suffice. That Mr Gye has sustained the repute of his establishment and been well served by his two conductors, Signora Vianesi and Bevnigani, must be admitted. The production in a thoroughly effective manner of no fewer than twenty-nine operas during the comparatively short interval of sixteen weeks—many of them, too, on the grandest scale—says no little for the resources at the disposal of the management. The composers most in demand, to judge by the number of performances of their respective works, were Verdi (18), Donizetti (13), Wagner (11), Mozart (9), Meyerbeer (9), and Rossini (7). Only one opera by Auber was produced—*Fra Diavolo*; but that, like the *Elisir* of Donizetti, was played no less than five times, owing to the increasing popularity of Mdle Zaré Thalberg—Zerlina in one and Adina in the other. In fact, the established repertory of the theatre, rich in variety and interest, has been amply drawn from, so as to afford each of the favourite "prima donnas" opportunities of exhibiting her talents to advantage. How strong was this very essential department need hardly be said. Through the whole term of their engagements Madame Patti and Mdle Albani were frequently in request; and had that, in her line, extraordinary vocalist, Mdle Marimon, been allowed some further chances of distinction, nothing would have been lost, but, on the contrary, something gained, with which the public were not likely to feel dissatisfied. Though we can no longer boast of a Mario, a Tamberlik, or a Giuglini, the company of tenors, including such artists as Signors Nicolini, Marini, Carpi, Bolis, De Sanctis, &c., served the management materially whenever the production of any particular opera at any particular period was found expedient; and this, notwithstanding the unavoidable defalcation of the popular French tenor, M. Capoul, as also that of the much-talked-of Signor Gayarre, whose services, claimed by both Covent Garden and Drury Lane, were, after all, transferred to other regions. With baritones like M. Maurel, Signors Cotogni and Graziani, basses like Signors Baggiolo, Capponi, Ciampi, &c., and a leading contralto like Madame Scalchi, there was little to complain of respecting these important adjuncts to general vocal excellence. The orchestra and chorus have also accomplished their duties admirably, which, considering how arduous were those duties, redounds all the more to their credit. The season will be chiefly remembered as having introduced to an English public the *Tannhäuser* of Wagner and the *Aida* of Verdi, about the respective merits of which it is unnecessary at present to add anything to what has already been written. Enough that both were indisputable successes, as eight performances of the former, and—late as it was brought out in the season—five of the latter satisfactorily proved. That *Tannhäuser* has initiated the general public further into the much-discussed theories of Wagner can no more be affirmed than that *Aida* has done anything to advance the reputation of Verdi as chief among living Italian composers. *Tannhäuser* came before *Lohengrin*, just as *Aida* came after *Don Carlos*; and this, for all who are sufficiently versed in the art-work of the two musicians, accounts for what otherwise, to outsiders, might seem inexplicable. *Tannhäuser*, however, furnished Mdle Albani with the occasion of earning fresh laurels, and *Aida* did as much for Madame Patti—the Elizabeth of the one being, by common consent, placed side by side with her Elsa, and the *Aida* of the other pronounced equal to almost any, if not all, of her previous assumptions. The general efficiency, moreover, of the cast, and the splendour of the *mise-en-scène*, of either work fully came up to the most signal achievements of a theatre which during a long series of years has afforded the public so many instances of similar completeness. Nor will it be out of place here to add a word in favour of the English versions of the words of these operas by Mr Josiah Pittman, organist of the establishment, which may be praised for conciseness and intelligibility, not always distinguishing characteristics of such performances. That both *Aida* and *Tannhäuser* will for some time hold conspicuous places in the Covent Garden repertory is more than probable. With regard to Wagner, if further research in that direction is to be prosecuted, Mr Gye will either have to go another step backwards, and bring out the *Fliegende Holländer* (with which Mr George Wood, at Drury Lane Theatre, made the English public acquainted some six years ago), or a step onwards, trying his fortune with *Tristan und Isolde*—if not with the *Meistersinger von Nürnberg*, the adventurous musician's only

attempt at comic opera—both written during the time at which *Rheingold* and the *Nibelungen* were not merely in contemplation, but already in progress. Some talk of the first of these being tried has obtained currency, for the sake principally, it is rumoured, of supplying Mdle Albani with another Wagnerian character. Meanwhile, until the year 1877, we take leave of the Royal Italian Opera.—*Times*.

HER MAJESTY'S OPERA.

The season at this theatre came virtually to an end on Saturday night. The opera was *Fidelio*, than which, the occasion being announced as "for the benefit of Mdle Tietjens," one more appropriate could not have been selected. The execution of Beethoven's music generally, both in the vocal and instrumental department, was of such a character as to cause regret that only a single representation of the work could be given. This, however, must not be laid to indifference on the part of the management, any more than the non-forthcoming of Cherubini's *Medea* and Mozart's *Nozze di Figaro*, but to the unfortunate indisposition of Mdle Tietjens, who so seldom finds it necessary to disappoint the public, and who, on that account, whenever she is unable to fulfil the task expected of her, is sure of meeting with strong sympathy. On Saturday, some slight indications of fatigue here and there allowed for, the accomplished lady seemed to be in full possession of her means, and the result was all that could be desired. Her voice being in excellent order, the striking points without exception made their accustomed effect. Rarely has Mdle Tietjens delivered the recitative of Leonora's great soliloquy more finely, sung the "Invocation to Hope," its slow movement, with truer expression, or the *allegro*, which is its sequel, with more sustained power and animation. Throughout the whole of the scene in the dungeon—comprising the duet with Pizzaro while the grave for her doomed husband is being dug by the gaoler and herself; the trio, in which Florestan joins them; the magnificent quartet where Leonora interposes, with a pistol, between Florestan and his vindictive enemy; and the joyous duet, when, overcome with the consciousness of her triumph, the devoted wife throws herself on the bosom of the husband she has saved—Mdle Tietjens was quite herself, and the audience rewarded her efforts with the heartiest tokens of approval. But we need dwell no further upon a performance the high merits of which are unanimously recognised. The other parts were assigned to Signor Gillandi (Florestan), Herr Behrens (Rocco), Signor Galassi (Pizzaro), Signori Rinaldini and Costa (Jacquino and the Minister), and, last not least, Madame Bauermeister (Marcellina), who all did their best. The beautiful quartet in Act I, for Leonora, Marcellina, Rocco, and Jacquino, was encored. The members of the chorus exerted themselves to advantage in both finales, especially the grand one of the last scene. The orchestra was admirable throughout; and the overture in C, universally known as "*Leonora*" (the first name given by Beethoven to his opera)—played as usual between the first and second acts, instead of, where the composer himself would naturally have preferred it, at the beginning—was followed by such loud and general applause, that Sir Michael Costa could not do otherwise than have it repeated, which, as the overture is very long, added more than half-an-hour to the duration of the performance. After the opera the National Anthem was given, by chorus and band, the audience rising to the first familiar notes. The entertainments of the evening terminated with the new *divertissement*, entitled *Une fête des Pêcheurs à Pausanippe*, in which Mdle Katti Lanner and her clever little pupil, Mdle Marie Müller, took part. The Emperor and Empress of Brazil were among the audience.

The extra performance of *Don Giovanni* on Monday night, with M. Faure as the Don, Mdle Tietjens as Anna, Mesdames Christine Nilsson and Trebelli as Elvira and Zerlina; and Sig. Gillandi (first time) as Ottavio, drew the most crowded audience of the entire season. The opera, as might have been expected from such a cast, was admirably given throughout, and the divine melodies with which it is literally crowded produced their never-failing impression. The new Ottavio was so good as to encourage a hope that Sig. Gillandi may become an acquisition of some value to the company. The three ladies were all that could be wished; and M. Faure, for whose "benefit" the performance was announced, has never been seen or heard to more advantage in a part which, though one of the most difficult and exacting in the lyric drama

of the Italian stage, he may now be said to hold against all competitors. Among the demonstrations of the evening was a special call for the accomplished Frenchman. And thus ended brilliantly one of the shortest opera seasons on record.

ROYAL ACADEMY OF MUSIC.

The interesting ceremony of presenting prizes to pupils who have distinguished themselves during the academical year just past took place on Friday afternoon (the 21st inst.), in the presence of a numerous gathering. Although this has long been an annual event, there were circumstances of novelty connected with it on the occasion of which we speak. For the first time the award and distribution of honours was separated from a formal exhibition of the pupil's skill, the musical display being limited to an organ fantasia by Sir R. P. Stewart, performed by Mr Rose, and Mendelssohn's "Judge me, O God," to which the students did full justice under the careful direction of Mr Walter Macfarren. There is good reason for the change, arising out of the fact that, thanks to vigorous management and a renewed and healthy life, the Academy has taken its place among the most important of our concert-giving institutions. During the season just ended, for example, its entertainments have proved highly attractive, not only for the youthful talent brought to the front, but also for the character of the music performed. Under these circumstances the need for a special annual concert, such as used to take place in the Hanover Square Rooms, no longer exists, and the directors have wisely altered their plan to suit the changed conditions. Another notable fact in connection with Friday's ceremony was its solemnization, for the first time, in the new concert-room, which has lately so much augmented the resources of the institution. A room better adapted for its purpose, or one more elegant, considering the difficulties its architect had to encounter, does not exist in London, and the Royal Academy of Music may be congratulated upon the good fortune of its possession. In one other respect the prize-distribution showed no change. It has long been the graceful custom of the managers to secure for their young charges the honour of receiving rewards from the hands of some distinguished lady, and to this they still adhere. Their choice is always a happy one, but never was it more happy than in obtaining the presence and services of Mme Christine Nilsson. Herself a conspicuous example of what can be done when inborn talent is fostered and developed by careful training; herself a proof that in the republic of art the lowliest beginner may rise to the highest eminence and enjoy the most brilliant distinction, Mme Nilsson was on Friday afternoon emphatically in her place. Everybody felt the force of this, and the loud applause which greeted the eminent artist's appearance testified as much a recognition of fitness as personal admiration. Before the prizes were distributed Professor Macfarren, principal of the Academy, briefly sketched its rise and progress, laying particular stress upon the fact that its advantages are not limited to those only who can pay for education, and mentioning in detail the various scholarships which are from time to time thrown open to competition. The Professor adverted, moreover, to certain circumstances connected with offers made to the Academy by the Society of Arts and the promoters of the School at South Kensington; his object apparently being to show that the conditions in each case were such as made acceptance impossible with a due regard to the welfare of the institution. That his observations met with a sympathetic response need scarcely be said; while his reference to those who assist him in the working of the Academy, especially to Mr Evers, elicited hearty cheers. As a matter of course, the mention of Mme Nilsson's name gave rise to much enthusiasm, all present standing and applauding for some minutes—a demonstration which the fair artist acknowledged with perfect grace. The awards were then read out, the recipients passing in turn before Mme Nilsson, who discharged her pleasant task in a manner which must have enhanced the value of the gift. At the close of the distribution Mme Nilsson withdrew, amid renewed applause, and the National Anthem brought the proceedings to an end.

Prize list, July, 1876. The following awards were presented by Madame Christine Nilsson:—

MEMORIAL PRIZES.

Lucas Silver Medal (from a design by T. Woolner, R.A.).—In memory of Charles Lucas (student, professor, conductor, and

principal), for the composition of the "Magnificat" for one or more solo voices, chorus, orchestra, and organ. *Examiners*—H. C. Banister, H. C. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D., Cantab., the Conductor, and Principal. *EATON FANING. Highly commended.*—Oliveria L. Prescott.

Parepa-Rosa Gold Medal.—In memory of Euphrosyne Parepa-Rosa (endowed by Mr Carl Rosa), for the singing of pieces selected by the committee. *Examiners*—G. Benson, Ettore Fiori, Manuel Garcia, P. Goldberg, A. Randegger, F. Walker, T. A. Wallworth, and the Principal. *MARY DAVIES. Highly commended.*—Annie Albu, Amy Aylward, Jessie Jones, Agnes Larkcom, and Marian Williams.

Sterndale Bennett Prize (purse of ten guineas).—In memory of Professor Sir William Sterndale Bennett, Mus. D., M.A., D.C.L. (student, professor, and principal). For the playing of a composition by Professor Sir William Sterndale Bennett, selected by the committee. *Examiners*—H. R. Evers, Walter Fitton, F. B. Jewson, S. Kemp, Walter Macfarren, Arthur O'Leary, Brinley Richards, Harold Thomas, Frederick Westlake, T. Wingham, and the Principal. *KATE STEEL. Highly commended.*—Janie Burrough, Ethel Gould, Edith Brand, Margaret Bucknall, and Nancy Evans.

ANNUAL PRIZES.

FEMALE DEPARTMENT.

Certificates of Merit.—The highest honour attainable at this examination, awarded only to students who have previously received Silver Medals. *Mary Davies, Jessie Jones, Agnes Larkcom, (singing); Edith Brand, Margaret Bucknall (piano-forte); and Gabrielle Vaillant (violin).* *Silver Medals.*—To those who have already received Bronze Medals. *Annie E. Bolingbroke, Marian Williams (singing); Alice Borton, Ethel Gould, Kate Steel, Nancy Evans (piano-forte); Ada Brand (violin); and Francis Thomas (clarinet).* *High Commendations.*—To those who have already received Bronze Medals. *Annie Butterworth, Hannah Edouard, Marietta Phillips, Marie Duval, Mary Jane Williams (singing); Clara Cooper, Ellen Holmes, and Isabel Thurgood (piano-forte).* *Bronze Medals.*—Annie Albu, Amy Aylward, Kate Brand, Thekla Fischer, Ellen Orridge, Hannah Roby (singing); Alice Heathcote, Kate Lyons, Minnie Elwell, Jessie Percival, Emily Tate, Fanny Boxell, Julia Chute, Fanny Ellis, Margaret Robertson, and Annie Frost (piano-forte). *Books.*—Lizzie Evans, Amelia Featherby, Sarah Geary, Virginia Phillips, Catherine Shaboe, Sarah Sutton, Carrie Thomas, Mary Webb (singing); Lucy Ellum, Mary B. Hann, Ada Hazard, Grace Gye, Ada Goldsmith, Margaret Morgan, Jena Goode, Annie Smith, Ethel Gregory, Fanny Elliot, Fanny Puzey, Julia Kirk (piano-forte); and Edith Brand (harp).

SECOND STUDIES.

Book.—Amy Aylward. *Highly commended.*—Ada Brand, Francis Thomas, and Lita Farrar (piano-forte).

EXAMINERS.—*Harmony*—H. C. Banister, H. C. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal. *Singing*—G. Benson, Ettore Fiori, Manuel Garcia, P. Goldberg, A. Randegger, T. A. Wallworth, and the Principal. *Piano-forte*—H. R. Evers, Walter Fitton, F. B. Jewson, Walter Macfarren, Arthur O'Leary, Harold Thomas, Frederick Westlake, T. Wingham, and the Principal. *Orchestral Instruments*—F. J. Amor, H. Lazarus, Walter Pettit, F. Ralph, P. Sainton, John Thomas, A. White, and the Principal. *Organ*—Sir J. Goss, Mus. D., Cantab., C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal.

MALE DEPARTMENT.

Certificates of Merit.—F. W. W. Bamfylde (piano-forte). *Silver Medals*—Tobias Matthay, Edward Morton, Lindsay Deas (piano-forte); Henry R. Rose (organ); and H. Walsley Little (harmony). *High Commendation*—Arthur H. Jackson (harmony). *Bronze Medals.*—Gordon Gooch, James Sauvage (singing); H. Walsley Little, Tom Silver, Arnold Kennedy, George Elliot, Alfred Luton, Henry R. Rose (piano-forte); Taliesen James (harp); George Bowron (violin); and Eaton Fanning (harmony). *Books.*—Arthur Jarratt and Harry Seligmann (singing); Edwin Flavell, Henry Cockram, George Smith, Alfred Shaw, George Ryle (piano-forte); and John Payne (violin). *Prize Violin Bow* (made and presented to the institution by Mr James Tubbs, of Wardour Street).—Frank B. Smythies. *Second Study.*—*Highly commended:* George Elliott (violinello).

EXAMINERS.—*Harmony*—H. C. Banister, H. C. Lunn, C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., Arthur Sullivan, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal. *Singing*—G. Benson, Ettore Fiori, Manuel Garcia, P. Goldberg, A. Randegger, T. A. Wallworth, and the Principal. *Piano-forte*—H. R. Evers, Walter Fitton, S. Kemp, Arthur O'Leary, Harold Thomas, Brinley Richards, Frederick Westlake, T. Wingham, and the Principal. *Orchestral Instruments*—F. J. Amor, H. Lazarus, Walter Pettit, F. Ralph, P. Sainton, J. Thomas, A.

White, and the Principal. *Organ*—Sir J. Goss, Mus. D., Cantab., C. Steggall, Mus. D., Cantab., and the Principal.

Potter Exhibitioner.—F. W. W. Bampfylde. *Westmorland Scholar*.—Marie Duval. *Sterndale Bennett Scholar*.—Tom Silver. *Welsh Choral Union Scholar*.—Mary Davies. *Parepa-Rosa Scholar*.—Clara Samuel. *Sir John Goss Scholar*.—Ernest Ford. *Lady Goldsmid Scholar*.—Ethel Gould. *Sir Francis Goldsmid Scholar*.—Clara Cooper. *Professors' Scholars*.—Julia de Nolte (violin); and Alfred Harper (double-bass).

BALFE MEMORIAL.

(To the Editor of "The Daily Telegraph.")

SIR,—In the days of good Queen Bess Englishmen were wont to believe in the musical ability of one another, and Continentalists accepted their judgment and accorded in their verdict. So, besides others, Shakspeare's friend John Dowland obtained such European esteem that his songs were printed and reprinted in many a land, and himself was held in signal favour by the King of Denmark. Dr John Bull, of Gresham celebrity, was detained in Holland by the loving admiration of the people; and Peter Phillips and John Cooper, translated respectively into Pietro Pillipi and Giovanni Copenario, made such high mark in Rome that they were invited thence to fill important art offices in different Courts. Then followed two long hundreds of years, during which it was the fashion to disavow the capability of our countrymen to make music or to perform it, and even to deny the fitness for musical use of our beautiful language, the language of Shakspeare, the language to which Handel set his notes of thunder and his strains of love; and this in spite of the genius of Henry Lawes, of Purcell, of Pelham Humphrey, later of Arne, and latest of Bishop. What we said of ourselves, or rather what the titled and wealthy among us taught the rest to say so often that they half believed it, strangers in turn endorsed, and, taking us at our word, made it equally proverbial that the English were not a musical nation, that they were a nation of shopkeepers, and that they would pay double for any entertainment out of their own clime. Billington and Braham, it is true, having won the suffrages of Italy, were acknowledged at home to be what they had been pronounced abroad—the best florid soprano and declamatory tenor of the day. Still, it was ignored that there was any one here who could frame a musical phrase, much less compact an extensive composition. In 1830, however, a young subject of the British Sovereign—Michael William Balfe—then in his 22nd year, was engaged as a singer at the Opera in Palermo, and then and there wrote *I Rivali* in twenty days, an Italian opera, which was produced with signal success. Two other operas helped to convince the natives of the land of song of his happy facility in their beloved art, and to develop his natural powers. Then he returned to England, and, more by luck than by merit, obtained the representation of his first work set to his own language—*The Siege of Rochelle*—which was played at Drury Lane Theatre in October, 1835. The world was wide-eared to the charms of the new music; the few, and the critics distinguished among them, were long-eared to the claims of the new composer. Notwithstanding opposition, "My Cottage near Rochelle" was firmly built in the streets of London; "Vive le Roi" was sung as a benediction to our Sailor King; and Balfe found the place on the lips of the people which was begrudged him in the newspapers. Such was the threshold of a career of which the Italian probation had been as the outer court, a garden for striking the roots of a plant that was to be potted and cherished in the choicest chambers. The art career of the musician was a mansion of many rooms; some brighter, some darker, but all illuminated by success, though it shone occasionally through thickly-folded curtains. Balfe wrote twenty-five operas besides those that have been mentioned; three of them to French text for original production in Paris; two to Italian librettos, of which *Faust* was first played at Her Majesty's Theatre; and the other twenty all to English words, though the last, *Il Talismano*, had to be distorted into Italian for its posthumous first performance. Yes, not only did he write these twenty-nine lyrical dramas, but what in some respects evinces an even greater talent, he produced them, and produced successfully. Of the twenty-one set to English words several have been translated into Italian, into German, and into French, and have been played in every musical city of the Old World and the New. Furthermore, there are his dramatic cantata, *Mazeppa*, his settings of the poems of Longfellow, and many, many more single songs and duets and the like than could be counted even by publishers who made fortunes by their sale. Then, as has been hinted, he was a singer of high esteem within seas and beyond them. In his first days "he played on the fiddle like an angel," and in this capacity gained infant renown; and, lastly, his powers as a conductor were amply proved in his many years' discharge of that important post at Her Majesty's Theatre. The time has now come to

honour his memory, and to celebrate his name. With this object Saturday next, the 29th inst., is set apart for a festival at the Alexandra Palace, during which will be given entire the most popular of his operas, variously known in England and America, in Italy, in Germany and in France as *The Bohemian Girl*, *La Zingara*, *Die Zigeunerin*, *La Bohémienne*, the principal parts being sustained by M^{me} Rose Hersee and Mr George Perren. Previous to this will be a concert, conducted by Sir Michael Costa, consisting wholly of Balfe's music, for which the services have been secured of a superb band, a multitudinous chorus, and M^{me} Christine Nilsson, with a large party of solo singers worthy to support this distinguished artist. The proceeds of the festival are to be appropriated to the endowment of a free scholarship in Balfe's name in the Royal Academy of Music, which will be his living monument. He was born in Dublin, May 15, 1808; he died at Rowney Abbey, in Hertfordshire, October 20, 1870. He will live in his melodies, which have become so popular that they may almost be called national, and in the title of the scholarship which is to be the fruit of the Balfe Memorial Festival.—Yours, &c., G. A. MACFARREN.

PROFESSOR MACFARREN ON THE CRITICS.

(To the Editor of the "Musical World.")

SIR,—In a very interesting letter addressed by Professor G. A. Macfarren to the *Daily Telegraph*, with reference to the Balfe Memorial, the learned musician, speaking of the production, at Drury Lane Theatre, in 1835, of the *Siege of Rochelle*, says:—"The world was wide-eared to the charms of the new music; the few, and the critics distinguished among them, were long-eared to the claims of the new composer."

Now, sir, I have a little book in my possession, containing all the criticisms of the London papers upon the *Siege of Rochelle* the day following its first performance; and there is not one of them that does not speak in the warmest terms of the new opera. Balfe himself gave me the book, which I preserve as an heirloom. A year previously the same line of conduct was pursued by the critics of the London press *apropos* of Professor Macfarren's Symphony in F minor, the first piece played at the first performance of the Society of British Musicians.

The Cambridge Professor is rather hard upon the poor critics, who, despite their inevitable shortcomings, are not such very bad fellows after all. No one knew this better, or acknowledged it more readily, than Balfe; and I do not think that in the long run Professor Macfarren himself has any serious reason to complain of them.—Your obedient servant, OTTO BEARD.

DEATH OF JOSEPH DESSAUER.

(From a Correspondent.)

Josef Dessauer, born at Prague on the 28th May, 1798, died at Mödling on the 19th inst., after a protracted illness, in his 79th year. He was a pupil of Dionys Weber, and Tomaschek, and was held in high esteem as a *virtuoso* and song composer. In 1831 and 1832 he visited Italy, France, and England. During his long residence in Paris his compositions commanded great popularity; and to him belongs, moreover, the merit of having naturalised the *Lied*, under its German name, in the French capital. As an operatic composer, also, the deceased was favourably known. For the coronation of the Emperor Ferdinand in Bohemia he wrote the magic-opera, *Lidvinná*; for Dresden, in 1838, the comic opera, *Der Besuch in St Cyr*; for the Kärntner-Theater, Vienna, in 1852, *Paquita*, and *Domingo*.

X. X.

NAPLES.—On the proposal of the Syndic, the Duke di San Donato, the Municipality are said to have resolved not to let the San Carlo for less than ten years. To anyone taking it for this period, they are prepared to make an annual grant of 400,000 francs. Signor Mucella, the late manager, died recently.

HAMBURG.—The operatic speculation of the Baron von Schimmelpenninck, M^{me} Mallinger's husband, has turned out a failure, with considerable pecuniary loss.—Profiting by the dull season at home, Herr R. Henneberg has formed a German operatic troop, comprising some of the leading artists in Germany, for a tour in Sweden and Norway. They were to perform at Bergen, Drontheim, Christiana, Gottenburg, Stockholm, Malmo, and Copenhagen.

WREXHAM ART TREASURES EXHIBITION.

The ceremony which inaugurated this venture on the morning of the 22nd inst. was imposing and successful. A venture it must yet be called in spite of the influence of its founders and the admirable efforts of its executive council. If patrons can command success, and a management, thoroughly English in preparedness, can ensure it, then it may be reckoned certain; but the patronage and favour of the public, like that of princes, cannot be trusted. Wrexham, however, expects success, and, what is more, has deserved it. Originally the art exhibition was started as an adjunct to the Eisteddfod to be held this autumn in Wrexham. It soon assumed proportions too vast for that annual national meeting, which only extends over four days, and eventually it grew into the separate and magnificent institution inaugurated on Saturday last. The town decked itself for the occasion in festive array; flags hung from windows, banners stretched across streets, business was suspended, and every inhabitant looked as important as a parent or godfather at a christening. They had cause for pride, for this art-child will assuredly make their town famous for a season. I expected to see a building as bare and ugly as most structures built for temporary purposes; to my surprise, a fine archway, the entrance, was the only part visible from the street; the architect having completely hidden the main building from sight by the surrounding houses. The principal room, the art-gallery or concert-room, with its nave and aisles, presents fine proportions. Three sides of its walls are adorned with art-glories, and the fourth occupied by an orchestra, surmounted by a noble organ. On the rafters of the aisles are emblazoned the names of the great masters, Italian, Dutch, French, Spanish, and English; whilst the nave is appropriated to those of great composers. On its roof-supports are drawn the likenesses of Handel, Mozart, Beethoven, and other worthies in song. But why not have had one British composer amongst them? Are there none to be found worthy of such fellowship?

Whilst the company awaited the arrival of the president of the day, the hall, with its gaily-dressed occupants, flanked and surrounded by the gorgeous paintings, presented a view seldom exceeded for beauty and animation. Punctually to the time announced his Grace of Westminster arrived; the procession was formed, the trumpet and responding drum gave the signal that all was in readiness, and to the war-strains of Gounod the committee marched to the platform to perform the opening ceremony. Major W. Cornwallis West, the chairman, delivered, with admirable elocution, an address to the Duke of Westminster, thanking his Grace for his presence and aid, and setting forth the objects generally of the exhibition. In return his Grace spoke highly of the zeal and skill of the chairman. This was due to Major Cornwallis West, who has not only proved himself in the matter a successful promoter, but a warm patriot; his knowledge of, and enthusiasm for, art having carried him triumphantly through a laborious task. The noble Duke's speech was fully appreciated, for it was clear and brief, a model of word economy, shewing how useful in all things is the faculty of husbanding resources. In treating of the educational influence of such exhibitions, he made some shrewd remarks on the question of dress, hoping it would lead women to discard "novelty," and men to improve upon the tail coat and tall hat. In spite of the force of the Duke's reasoning, I would scarcely recommend a Welshman to copy any of the airy or fanciful costumes seen on the walls, lest he get six months in jail, or confinement in a lunatic asylum, or, at the very least, be hooted at for a "guy." His Grace should have set an example, and appeared, whilst filling the office of president, in his robes as Knight of the Garter. Nobility has its duties, and one is the ornamental. It was scarcely fair or generous to the amiable and accomplished mayor of Wrexham to let him bear alone the load of pageantry. On declaring the exhibition opened, his Grace left the platform, giving place to the singers.

The management has been fully alive to the value of music, treating it, not as a servant, but sister art. Mr John Thomas—Pencerdd Gwalia—was appointed musical director to the establishment. For the opening concert he engaged as principal vocalists

Mdme Wynne, Mdle Enriquez, Mr W. H. Cummings, and Mr Lewis Thomas; for chorus, the Birkenhead Cambrian Choral Society; Mr De Jong's orchestra, supplemented by a military band, with Mr Best as organist, formed the instrumental forces. Concerning the soloists nothing need be said; are not their merits written in the past volumes of the *Musical World*? Praise may be given unreservedly to the chorus; but I would particularly emphasise the fact that a full and complete professional orchestra was employed on this occasion, and for the first time, to the best of my recollection, in Wales. Will it prove but a pleasant and soon forgotten episode, or the commencement of a new order of things musical in the Principality? I trust the latter. The time is come! The musical genius of the people can no longer be confined to the limited circle in which it has been hitherto exercised; a new world is before them; a world, however, that can be reached only by the guidance of an orchestra. Wales, no longer poor, but rich by reason of its minerals, should have an orchestra, not only for high days and holidays, but as a permanent institution. Let the far-seeing statesman, the wise philosopher, and the large-hearted philanthropist look to it; or, better still, let the people provide for themselves this necessary means of attaining high musical culture and boundless enjoyment. Pencerdd Gwalia was, on Saturday last, in his right place as the chief bard of Wales, and conducted the entire concert with the skill of a master. The programme framed by him was strictly classical, and was received by the audience with acclamation. The Festival organ, erected by Gray & Davison, was worthy to be called the king of instruments, and behaved like a constitutional monarch; for it had for prime minister Mr W. T. Best, and its regal conduct was in strict accordance with the laws of science and the dictates of art and taste. After the concert the *élite* of the company partook of luncheon, to which some bards, myself among the number, were invited. Bards are mighty men, who can withstand anything but temptation; for them, cold chicken and champagne have æsthetic charms unknown to those outside the bardic circle; but to most people a little "sparkling" gives rare zest to the enjoyment of pictures.

Excepting the Leeds and Manchester exhibition, no such collection of paintings has been seen in the provinces. The galleries of the neighbouring rich must have been well nigh emptied of their choicest treasures, to decorate the walls of the Wrexham building, which cannot fail to give delight to visitors and instruction to students. Mr Whalley need not fear that this educational effort will corrupt the *virtue* of the simple-minded and primitive people of Wales, for their purity and innocence run no risk of contamination by the display of what the elder Weller would have called "vicious wenuses." The morality of the public has been duly respected. But how about the works of the old Italian masters? Will not the honourable member for Peterborough see in those exhibitions the hand of the Jesuits? "The Virgins, the Holy Families, the Resurrections, the Crucifixions, the Madonnas, the Monks, the Popes, the Magdalens, the Cherubs, the Martyrs, the Saints," will they not all be condemned by him as the offspring of the Pope and the Devil? Is not the Protestant religion of Wales in danger? Loyalty, however, is cultivated by portraits of kings and queens; amongst the most prominent of which is that of the unhappy Charles I., by Wm. Dobson, a fine work, with many qualities of his master, Vandyke. Local loyalty, that is, reverence for the rulers of the neighbourhood, has been appealed to by paintings of members of the great and rich families of the district. Sir Watkins Wynn, called lovingly the Prince in Wales, his father, grandfather, and others of his race, are seen in effigy. Gainsborough's art has delineated the Grosvenors, and Millais sets forth the charms of three young daughters of the reigning Duke. I cannot endorse all his Grace said in praise of these last productions of the popular and gifted artist; they are too chalky in colour either to be pleasant pictures or truthful likenesses of English beauties. A portrait of Heber at the age of 13 years, by Copley, father of the late Lord Lyndhurst, is not only interesting for the quality of the work, but also from the fact that the poet-bishop

resided in the town, and wrote the famous missionary hymn, "From Greenland's icy mountains," at the vicarage near. To connoisseurs and students of the art the exhibition will prove enjoyable and instructive. It contains sufficient materials to illustrate the history of painting. The several stages of the Italian school can be traced. The pious fervour of the *quattrocentisti*, the ripe magnificence of the *cinquecentisti*, and the gorgeous expansion of their successors, are delightfully illustrated. Fine specimens there are of the Dutch school, amongst which I was struck with an interior by Peter de Hooze. The Flemish school is represented by large canvases. Rubens is seen, in the same picture, in conjunction with Snyders; the latter painted hungry dogs, the former masses of flesh. Is it not a pity the dogs could not eat some of it up? There are also fine Vandykes and Rembrandts. The powers of the British deceased masters are abundantly demonstrated in works by Gainsborough, Reynolds, Romney, Morland, Constable, and, greatest of all, Turner. Many of the pictures are familiar, for happily they have been so often exhibited as to become in a certain sense public property. Amongst the works of the deceased painters I found one—"Tranquility," by Charles Baxter. I am glad to say this is an error, for that charming artist is not only alive and well, but able to preside every Tuesday and Friday evenings at his classes for the elucidation of the mysteries of "Ancient Books of Art."

In the management of the exhibition there are signs that "the right man is in the right place." The superintendent, Mr William Chaffer, author of "*Pottery and Porcelain*," has the talent of organisation combined with suavity and culture. This splendid undertaking demands the support of every Welshman, and is worthy the patronage of Englishmen. English artists particularly owe much to Wales; for has she not for generations shown her face gratis to limners, to copy not only her glorious features, but every pimple and wart, seam and scar, upon her visage, for pictures to send about the world!

PENCERDD GWFFYN.

THE UPSALA CHOIR.

Some thirty members of the choir to which the University at Upsala is indebted for a musical reputation, by no means confined to Scandinavia, gave a concert on Wednesday afternoon in St James's Hall. The fame of their performances had preceded them, and there was an audience which completely filled the hall. We understand that what is called the Grand Choral Society of Upsala, consisting exclusively of students, numbers 100 (some say 300) voices, more or less; and that the practice of choral and quartet singing is the chief employment of their leisure hours. The fact of Sweden being a musical country is sufficiently attested by its simple melodies alone, several of which are familiar; but it has other claims to distinction in that respect, high-class music being much in request, and composers having sprung up who deserve to rank among those pursuing the study of art seriously and for its own sake. The thirty Swedish gentlemen who appeared for the first time among us on Wednesday represent in the most favourable light one department of the musical cultivation of their country. A good many of them, especially among the basses, formed part of the choir of 100 which, during the Paris International Exhibition of 1867, carried away the "*prix d'excellence*" at the "singing competition," under the presidency of Baron Taylor. The specimens of their ability on the present occasion convinced English amateurs that the repute attached to the name of the society of which they form a contingent has been legitimately earned, and the impression created by their performances was enhanced in no small degree by the attractive character of not a few among the compositions—a majority of them of native growth—which served to exhibit their proficiency. From these the audience first singled out for special approval a choral song by H. Kjerulf, entitled "*Brudefaerd i Hardanger*" ("Bridal procession on the Hardanger"), which (Norwegian, by the way), instinct with characteristic charm, displayed to advantage not merely the fresh and sympathetic voices of the singers, but their perfect command of light and shade. The happily-managed *diminuendo* at the conclusion of this was a striking feature in itself. The song being unanimously encored, the last verse was repeated. The choice of Mendelssohn's beautiful setting of Heine's *Wasserfahrt* was something like a divergency from the general scheme of the programme; but the congenial manner in which it was rendered by the Swedish singers (in their own language) made it welcome all the same. Unmistakable approval was also won by a patriotic song

for solo tenor and chorus—"Du gamla, du friska, du fjällhöga Nord"—a *folkvisa*, or national melody, arranged by C. J. O. Laurin, to words by R. Dybeck. This, in the genuine style of patriotic effusions, was delivered with such earnest vigour as could not fail to tell, and another encore was the result. A Students' Banner Song (*Fansång*), the music by G. Wennerberg, dashing and bold; Suomi's song (the song of Finland), both pleasing and original; a setting of Victor Hugo's "*Quand tu dors*" (*Marie Tudor*), also by H. Kjerulf (sung in the original French), tuneful and reposeful; "*Lok*," a Norwegian shepherd's song, arranged for the Upsala Choir by C. E. Södling, equally distinguished by marked character; "*Necken*," another national melody, arranged by O. Lindblad, one of Sweden's most justly popular composers (the same which M. Ambroise Thomas has introduced so happily in the last scene of his *Hamlet*), exquisitely plaintive; and, perhaps, best of all, "*The Peasant's Wedding*," by Söderman, in four parts, a composition full of spirit and varied colouring, may be further named among the noticeable features of the selection. These, without exception, were rendered in such a manner as to prove the singers not only capable of imparting effect to the execution but appropriate expression to the meaning of each. The gradual departure of the audience did no little to distract attention from the last named; but those who stayed to hear it were rewarded for their patience. Enough that the efforts of the Swedish students were appreciated, and the satisfaction they afforded found hearty recognition.

The programme, attractive on account of its speciality alone, was made doubly so by the co-operation of Madame Christine Nilsson, who herself has done so much to sustain the musical pretensions of her country. The audience would doubtless have liked to hear the accomplished lady in Swedish melodies, and nothing else. She chose, however, the "*Jewel Song*" from *Faust*; "*Connaiss-tu le pays*," from the *Mignon* of M. Thomas; and the Scotch ballad, "*Auld Robin Gray*," each of which she gave to perfection. Madame Nilsson was recalled after the first, and encored after the second and third—for the one substituting the English ballad, "*Sweet Village Bells*," and for the other, one of those national melodies with which "*Jenny Lind*" used years ago to delight us, and in her reading of which she shows herself Jenny Lind's worthy successor. That rising young contralto, Miss Bolingbroke, added Haydn's "*Spirit Song*," and the air of the Goatherd from *Minorah*, to the programme, which was further varied with pianoforte solos from Henselt, Gottschalk (encored), and Stephen Heller, played by Miss Albert—a very promising young artist under the tutelage of Sir Julius Benedict, who accompanied the vocal solos throughout. It should be added that the conductor of the Upsala choir was Mr Ivar Hendenblad, himself a student in the University, and that the first piece in the programme, "*Svea*," a kind of patriotic address to the mother-country, sung with fine energy, was at once a favourable introduction of the thirty Swedish students to their hundreds of British hearers.

MARIO'S VOICE.

(To the Editor of the "*Musical World*,")

SIR,—I should feel obliged if you would inform me in your columns if Signor Mario's voice is a *tenore robusto* or a *tenore leggero*.—I am, sir, yours,

AN OLD SUBSCRIBER.

[Certainly not a *tenore robusto*.—D. P.]

3 Temptation.

MY DEAR FRIEND,—If happily you have survived the Duke's solo at Albert Hall, the Rubinstein *Erscheinung*, and the massacre of *Tannhäuser* by the Italians, I recommend your settling in a quiet Mendelssohnian neighbourhood, which would facilitate some pleasant (?) talks on our musical condition. Read enclosure, and



Naht Euch dem Stran - - - de!

Yours, in mystery, Spñur.

To *Oedipus*, Esq.

MARRIAGE.

On Saturday, the 22nd inst., at St Barnabas Church, by the Rev. John C. Bellett, H. E. FORD, Organist of Carlisle Cathedral, to ELIZABETH, widow of JAMES G. THURNAM, late of Carlisle. No cards.

DEATHS.

On the 24th inst., at Shaftesbury Terrace, THOMAS MOLLESON MUDIE (formerly of the Royal Academy of Music), in the 68th year of his age. Friends are requested kindly to accept this intimation.

On the 24th inst., Mr JOSEPH EMERY, pianoforte maker, of 9, Walmer Road, Notting Hill, W., for many years with the firm of D'Almaine & Co. Aged 61.

PRESENTATION TO CHRISTINE NILSSON.

Presented to Madame Christine Nilsson by the Committee of Management of the "Hospital for Diseases of the Throat," Golden Square, W., as a mark of appreciation and gratitude for her kind services on May 24th, 1876, by means of which a sum of £1,016 was raised towards the building-fund of that institution.

NOTICE.

To ADVERTISERS.—The Office of the MUSICAL WORLD is at Messrs DUNCAN DAVISON & Co.'s, 244, Regent Street, corner of Little Argyll Street (First Floor). It is requested that Advertisements may be sent not later than Thursday. Payment on delivery.

The Musical World.

LONDON, SATURDAY, JULY 29, 1876.

A Breeze.



(At the Retired Soldier.)

DR WIND (blows open first envelope).—What's this from Mannheim? (Reads.)

"Tickets for the approaching Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play performances have been obtainable here at a reduction of ten per cent. upon

the advertised cost. They are said to be partly tickets gained in the lotteries of various Wagner-Associations, and partly gallery-passes, presented to ungrateful citizens of Bayreuth who, with no music in their souls, prefer hearing the ring of thalers in their pockets to seeing the 'Ring der Nibelungen' at Herr Wagner's Grand-National-Festival-Stage-Play-Theatre."

DR EAGLES.— {Don't believe a word.
 {Too true, alas!

DR WIND (blows open second envelope).—O Gemini! What's this from Bayreuth?

"Despite all official denials, there has been, it would appear, grave doubt whether the Tetralogical Trilogy will be played a third time. Some short time since, Madame Friedrich Materna for carded from here a telegram urgently begging Herr Scaria, in Wagner's name, to take part in the approaching performances, and adding that the terms which he had asked, and which had been refused, would be unconditionally granted."

DR EAGLES.— {Too true, alas!
 {Don't believe a word.

DR WIND.—O Gemini!

DR EAGLES.—Name correspondents.

DR WIND.—From Mannheim?

DR EAGLES.—And Bayreuth?

DR WIND.—Pontifex Fouracres, from Mannheim; from Bayreuth, Sidey Ham.

DR EAGLES.— {Ham! Gammon!
 {Fouracres! Bareacres!

DR WIND (blows open third envelope).—By jingo! What's here? (Reads.)

"Dear Wind,—The report that Wagner had decided on abandoning the third series of performances of his 'Nibelungen,' at Bayreuth is denied by the official 'Musikalisches Wochenblatt,' and confirmed by the Berlin 'Echo.' Which of these great authorities are we to believe?"—ANASTASIA FITZ-BATTLEAXE.

DR EAGLES.— {That's from Baylis Boil.
 {That's from Purple Powis.

DR WIND.—No, it's from the Duchess.

DR EAGLES.—Of Fitzbattleaxe?

DR WIND.—She's at Godesberg, with Shaver Silver. Boil and Purple are at Bamberg on the road. They're both Niblungs of the fiercest.

DR EAGLES.—Do you cross Channel?

DR WIND.—I fear squalls.

DR EAGLES.—Waft yourself over.

DR WIND.—Gales and hurricanes!

DR EAGLES.— {Hurricanes be blowed!

{Gales be blowed!

DR WIND.—Go to Bayreuth! (Blows 'em out of window.)

Bayreuth, Bayreuth, Bayreuth.



At the Service Tree and Sable—Tadcaster.

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Where's Wind?

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Septimus?

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Septimus Wind. Has he started for Bayreuth?

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—He's at Malvern, blowing open envelopes,

and idling his time with that two-headed humbug, Eagles, in the tap-room of the Retired Soldier.

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—He'd better look sharp. Ap' Mutton—(lightning)—is coming—

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Mr Ap'—(thunder)—Mutton? *Parce mihi!*

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Hast thou, Spoonley, visited the Retired Soldier?

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Never.

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—It's near the steep, where lives the wild man, who purchased brandy at the Fish and Volume, kept by Chopper Coomb. Go, once for all.—

*Vile potabis modicis Sabinum
Cantharis.*

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—I don't like Cape wine, even in moderate draughts. Where's the lantern?

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Do you know Sir Evelyn Blood?

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—And that thirsty Leach who sucks him?

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—They go to Bayreuth.

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Together?

MR DISHLEY PETERS (*accommodating magic lantern*).—Look!



SIR EVELYN BLOOD.—I can't, doctor. I incline to apoplexy.

DR LEACH.—Let me bleed you!

SIR EVELYN BLOOD.—The *Walküre* will give me a fit. I incline to—

DR LEACH.—Only a little; a couple of ounces.

SIR EVELYN BLOOD.—Then, there's *Fafner* and *Fasolt*!

DR LEACH.—An ounce or so will do it.

SIR EVELYN BLOOD.—And that "gigantic squirrel-shaped worm!"

DR LEACH.—Half an ounce?

SIR EVELYN BLOOD.—And the *tarnkappe*—you can't see a person.

DR LEACH.—A quarter ounce, or less?

SIR EVELYN BLOOD.—I'm inclined to apoplexy.

DR LEACH (*insinuatingly*).—I'll put your cure in the *Lancet*. Half a little quarter of a little ounce. I'll go with you as far as Frankfort, Hotel de Russie, where I've got to bleed Doublebody.

SIR EVELYN BLOOD (*overcome*).—Not a drop more. Well, well (*Closes*.)

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—D'ye think he'll go?

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Blood's no fool, though he can't shake away that Leach; but he'll be off, as sure as a cannon. I pity him in the *Götterdämmerung*. Stop—(*re-accommodating lantern*)—whom have we here? *Per Hercle!* Night and Day!



DR NIGHT.—I must go to Bayreuth; but I never travel by day.

DR DAY.—I must go to Bayreuth; but I never travel by night.

DR NIGHT.—By day there's no moon.

DR DAY.—By night there's no sun.

DR NIGHT.—Comets and fixed stars!—it's a queer coincidence.

DR DAY.—Aerolites and thunderbolts!

DR NIGHT.—Let's compromise.

DR DAY.—How?

DR NIGHT.—Go by twilight.

DR DAY.—I shall get the worst of that.

DR NIGHT.—You can sleep all night, and I can sleep all day.

DR DAY.—Weia! Waga! Wagalaweia! (*Closes*.)

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—They'll quarrel all the way.

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—They'll never speak. When one's asleep, t'other's awake, and *vice versa*. But more are on the road. (*Re-accommodates magic lantern*.) Who's here?



MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Dear old Groker!

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Roovers?

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Groker Roovers. He catches gnats by the hedges. (*Re-accommodates lantern*.) How now? *Qui va là?*



MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Why, governor, that's Benwell.
MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Plover Benwell. Always sits with his
back to the orchestra. (*Re-accommodates lantern.*)



MR DISHLEY PETERS.—Sir Flamborough Head, or I'm a turbot!
He's reading up on the way. Deep dog! *Cumini sector!* Old head!
Not to be done.

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Shut up, governor. Are they all going?
MR DISHLEY PETERS.—To Bayreuth. And more. (*Re-accommodates
lantern.*) See! Water of Lightning, it's Spider and Sir Francis!



SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I'm going to Bayreuth.
DR SPIDER.—Oh, stay with me!

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I can't. I'm late.
DR SPIDER (*sings*)—

*Rings of red gold
Will thy brother give thee.*

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Let me go. I've business.

DR SPIDER (*sings*)—

*With mad words thou ravest,
Thy wits are gone from thee.*

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I say; let me go. I'm starving and sorry.

DR SPIDER (*sings*)—

*Empty of good things,
Empty of gladness.*

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Unleg me—I'm drowsy.

DR SPIDER (*sings*)—

*Give wash to the swine,
Ere to sleep thou goest.*

Oh, stay with me!

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I won't!

DR SPIDER.—Thou must!

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I can't!

DR SPIDER.—Thou shalt!

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—I've made an oath to be in time for *Rheingold*.

DR SPIDER (*sings*)—

*All oaths once sworn
Shall bite thee sore.*

SIR FRANCIS FLY (*sings*)—

*Off were thy head,
If Erp were alive yet.*

DR SPIDER.—Erp me no Erp. No sword will bite on him. Thou
shalt be in time for the *Walküre*.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Meanwhile?

DR SPIDER (*sings*)—

*Sup with me,
I'll sup on thee.*

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Ap' Mutton—(*lightning*)—comes.

DR SPIDER.—Ap'—(*thunder*)—Mutton! Go, then, ingrate. Thou
shalt hear *Siegfried* and *Götterdämmerung*.

SIR FRANCIS FLY.—Why not *Rheingold* and the *Walküre*?

DR SPIDER.—Thereby hangs a tale. (*Closes.*)

MR DISHLEY PETERS (*sings*)—

*Some the wolf roasted,
Some minced the worm.*

It's only Spider's fun.

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Shut up, governor.

MR DISHLEY PETERS.—He likes to catch Fly in his net. Fly'll
hear the Tetralogical Trilogy safe enough.

MR SPOONLEY PETERS.—Shut up, governor.

MR DISHLEY PETERS (*aside*)—It's a world's fair.

(*To be continued.*)

Wagner, Wagner, Wagner!

AS the main topic of conversation at the actual moment is
Richard Wagner's colossal experiment at Bayreuth, it
may not be out of place to reprint an article which, about
this time last year, appeared in the *Times*. The article, being
wholly taken up with a consideration of Wagner and his
proceedings, will probably not be read without interest.

The long dream of Richard Wagner's life seems now on the point
of being realised. When, some thirty years ago, he produced *Rienzi*
at Dresden, where, through the influence, it is said, chiefly of Meyer-
beer, he had been appointed Kapellmeister, he simply gave birth to
a showy and pompous reflection of the style of that early friend and
model. This was before the *Communication to his Friends*, which
forms an introduction to the published poems of *Der Fliegende
Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*—before, according to his
own confession, Wagner became "a poet;" before he had laid down
the theory which attributed the want of emotional impulse in "the
present" to a prevalent zeal for the "monumental;" and, in his
famous treatise, *Das Kunstwerk der Zukunft*, explained to his friends
that the true artist could only unfold himself in a purely dramatic

sense in conformity to the possible life of the "future." He, therefore, had recourse to the *mythos* as his medium of expression; and the result appeared successively in the three above-named works. Not absolutely satisfied, however, with these, at least in regard to their alliance with music, Wagner strove more fully to exemplify his doctrine by the aid of still remoter myths, and the outcome of this new endeavour appeared in *Tristan und Isolde* (or *Iseult*, the "Belle Iseult" of our own *Mort d'Arthur*), *Rheingold*, and the trilogy of the *Nibelungen*. These, the last offspring of Wagner's genius, were imagined and developed in so unaccustomed and colossal a form that the difficulty of getting them represented in accordance with his preconceived notions seemed at first insurmountable. Wagner was well aware of the fact, though not by any means dismayed. How incessantly, and with what astonishing energy, he has written and laboured for the accomplishment of an object upon the attainment of which he believed, and believes, conscientiously no doubt, depends the resuscitation of German art, in the shape through which alone, he protests, it ought to be exhibited, we need hardly say. His own literary works, backed up by those of his many enthusiastic disciples, have for a long period absorbed the attention of the reading musical public. Not to pay heed to them was barely possible, their vigorous eloquence and acuteness of investigation being in a great measure irresistible. A more uncompromising and self-satisfied preacher than Wagner could scarcely be cited from the records of art-controversy, or a stauncher and more resolute set of followers than those who advocate his cause. Whatever arguments may be brought forward in antagonism to his one fixed idea, it cannot be denied that he has succeeded in fascinating and winning over a large number of earnest thinkers, who preach Wagnerism as an art-religion, and stand by him resolutely for weal or for woe. These proselytes, it should be understood, thoroughly acquainted with his revolutionary projects and his habitually emphatic manner of supporting them, insist upon Wagner, the whole Wagner, and nothing but Wagner. As obstinate as their master, they are wise in their consistency; for, to accept Wagner by halves, or, indeed, with any special reservation, would be equivalent to not accepting him at all. He, in fact, tolerates no modification in his theory, no variation in his method of carrying it out, regarding it (to employ the quaint phrase of Shelley, in *Julian and Maddalo*) as "refutation-tight." He has told us in his preface to the *Ring der Nibelungen* that the German operatic theatre, as it exists and has existed, is "the worst public institute"—a branch of art that has hitherto degraded instead of elevating. The purifying and converting power of his *Lohengrin*, he adds, referring to its first performance in Vienna, produced an entire revulsion of taste, and emboldened Herr Eckert, the conductor ("a man of artistic mind") to revive serious works which had long disappeared before the enervated judgment of the public. Nevertheless, according to Edward Hanslick, the well-known Viennese critic, the "serious works" which immediately followed *Lohengrin*, as novelties, were simply the *Reine Topaz* (Massé), the *Rose of Castille* (Balfe), *Diana von Solonge* (Duke Ernest), the *Trovatore*, and *Rigoletto*. Whether the production of *Lohengrin* this year in London has exercised the same influence with which Wagner credits it at Vienna remains to be proved. The work was successful beyond dispute, but its success has in no way damaged the popularity of operas by other composers—from Mozart to Rossini and Auber, from Beethoven to Donizetti and Bellini. Nor can we understand why, because *Lohengrin* raised a certain degree of excitement, it should act thus prejudicially on art-works of a very different calibre.

But to leave speculative digression: as has already been suggested, the realisation of Wagner's poetic and artistic dream seems near at hand; that is, in so far as a series of model performances, aided by advantages not very likely to be of frequent occurrence, may help towards it. *Tristan und Isolde*, which, by the way, was composed between the second and third parts of the *Nibelungen*—an episode as it were—has already been tried and found practicable; and this notwithstanding the formidable difficulties which, except under unusually favourable circumstances, must always militate against a per-

fect representation of the drama and a perfect execution of the music. But now comes the *Ring of the Nibelungen*, "a dramatic festival play" (*Bühnen Festspiel*), "for three days and a preliminary evening." This extraordinary production—says the same Hanslick, with a slight touch of exaggeration—"holds the same position relatively to *Lohengrin* as the Falls of Niagara to a glass of water." A performance of the *Ring der Nibelungen* on the grandest scale is to come off in the summer of 1876 at the new theatre which the composer, with assiduous perseverance, has contrived to get erected at Bayreuth, where, with a view, it may be surmised, to the eventful occasion, he has for some time taken up his abode and built himself a house. The preparatory rehearsals—preparatory because it is understood that the months of June and July next year will be exclusively devoted to rehearsals of the work in its integrity—have been going on at Bayreuth, under Wagner's immediate supervision since the middle of last month. The *Ring der Nibelungen* consists of a so-called "trilogy," ushered in (descending from great things to small) by a "prologue," like Donizetti's *Lucrezia Borgia*. Unlike *Lucrezia Borgia*, however, the *Ring* exacts four days in performance, being divided into four plays, or dramas, the one growing sequentially out of the other. The ancient Germanic legend, derived from the Icelandic "Sagas," and known to those versed in literary lore as the *Nibelungenlied*, was a theme only possible to a bold and original thinker, to a man of inventive genius, and to a true-born poet. Even the fiercest opponents of his musical theories, who stand up for music as an independent art, and protest against the dogmatic assertion in *Oper und Drama* that "music is a woman" ("*Die Musik ist ein Weib*"), and, therefore, dependent upon man ("the poet"), will hardly question the fact that Richard Wagner is all these. Many of his sincerest admirers declare that his poetical dramas want no music to complete them—that, in fact, they are complete in themselves; and for this dictum, if not ample justification, at least a fair show of reason may be adduced. It might also be suggested that the "Weib," when, by espousing the poet, she fulfils the object of her existence, becomes somewhat garrulous, often noisy, occasionally a veritable Xantippe—the quantity and quality of the music with which Wagner illustrates his dramas taken into consideration. Thus much admitted, however, the *Nibelungenring*, after the manner in which he has handled the subject, is a creation standing apart from ordinary art-work. Here the rules laid down by Wagner, as those by which the future destinies of the operatic drama should and must be guided, are adhered to with uncompromising severity. To select excerpts, with the object of making stock-in-trade of this or that especial passage, is out of the power of the most experienced manufacturer of "variations," &c., for the pianoforte or any other instrument. We must take the whole, or leave it untouched. The four parts of which the drama is composed are alike safe from depredations of the kind. *Rheingold* (the preamble), the *Walküre*, *Siegfried*, *Götterdämmerung*, are one and all of a piece. Of this any amateur or musician may convince himself by a perusal of the vocal scores, with pianoforte accompaniment, which are now published and accessible. True, Wagner carries out "to the bitter end" his avowed disdain for the traditional laws of "tone-families," which govern the relations of keys to each other; and this, which to many would appear equivalent to doing away with the relations of colours to each other in a sister art, alone suffices to arouse the jealousy of a large majority, who have been used to look at art from quite another point of view. It also encourages a widespread belief that Wagner is a far greater dramatic poet than he is a musician. On the other hand, the nature of his themes, and his peculiar way of developing them, are such that he may put forward a more or less reasonable plea on his own behalf. According to a zealous disciple, he has selected, for his modern art-work, these legends, wrapped in clouds of darkness, inasmuch as they represent "the pure symbol of primeval forces, while we are the compounds of successive generations." This, nevertheless, in one who avowedly aims at portraying, through dramatic agency, the probable life of the "future" appears somewhat inexplicable. Admitting that the "present," apart from the "monu-

mental," is chiefly "fashion," sham, and barrenness; that everything achieved up to this time is more or less faulty, the greater portion worse than faulty; how can Wagner, who holds that with the advance of time and change of epochs we have become worse and worse, reckon upon the cherished "future" for better things—and these brought about materially through the scenic apparition, accompanied by unearthly music, of gods, demi-gods, goddesses, gnomes, and heroes belonging to a mystic past? Is he a prophet? One would be inclined to think so.

Further speculation now would be superfluous. We look forward to an extraordinary success at Bayreuth; and, that achieved, it will be time enough to put the interrogatory—*quid tum postea?*

OCCASIONAL NOTES.

DR FERDINAND HILLER, of Cologne, has recently given out two volumes—*Letters from Moritz Hauptmann* (to Spohr, &c.), and *Things Musical and Personal*. The former will be interesting chiefly to musicians, the latter will be interesting to everyone; and it is hoped a report that *Musikalisches und Persönliches* is about to be translated by Mr J. V. Bridgeman (translator for the *Musical World* of *Oper und Drama* and other treatises of Wagner) may turn out to be true.

THE BALFE MEMORIAL FESTIVAL, to aid in the foundation of a Balfé Scholarship at our Royal Academy of Music, is held to-day at the Alexandra Palace. Sir Michael Costa conducts a concert, the programme comprising excerpts from Balfé's last opera, *Il Talismano*, in which Mdme Christine Nilsson, the original Edith Plantagenet, takes part; and, subsequently, *The Bohemian Girl* is to be performed in the theatre, with Mdme Rose Hersee as Arline and Mr George Perren as Thaddeus. A great success is anticipated.

THE Opéra-Comique, owing to certain difficulties unforeseen, is still without a director. It would be a pity that what is assuredly the most interesting, and has always been the most productive of the lyric theatres in Paris, should much longer remain in a condition of incertitude. But just now there is no sign of its re-opening its doors very soon. The decision, it appears, is simply a matter for State consideration.

CONCERTS VARIOUS.

MISS EMMA BERTHOLD, who made a successful *debut* in the second concert of the Schubert Society, gave her first evening concert on Saturday, the 22nd inst., at the Langham Hall. Miss Berthold possesses a powerful soprano voice, which shows, especially in the higher register, rare purity of tone. The pieces she sang on this occasion were:—"Should he upbraid" (Bishop); Braga's *Serenata* (violinello *obbligato*, Herr Schubert); "Una voce poco fa" (Rossini); "Ocean, thou mighty monster" (Weber); and a song of her own composition, entitled "Partings." Miss Berthold was assisted by Miss Jeannie St Clare, Mr Coventry, Madame Augusta Roche, as vocalists; and Madame Voarino, Herr Rydl, Herr Hause, and Herr Schubert as instrumentalists. Mr Henry Parker and Herr Schubert conducted. The hall was full, and the concert gave general satisfaction.

MR CHARLES SALAMAN's interesting concert deserved earlier notice; but, better late than never. The learned professor and courteous lecturer of art-critics, who knows and affects the amenities rather than the asperities, and has no stone in his sling to cast at the head of the Goliaths among Aristarchi, must (and will—for he is of the essence of good humour, and bears no malice) forgive us. Mr Salaman's concert was "Mr Salaman's concert" in a special sense, inasmuch as he not only gave it, but made up the programme almost entirely from his own works. Of the seventeen numbers in the scheme, twelve bore the name of the *beneficiaire*, the remaining five being contributed by Hattori ("When evening's twilight"), Woelfl (pianoforte sonata in C minor, Op. 25), Donizetti ("Chi mi frena"), and Beethoven (clarinet trio in B flat, Op. 11). With respect to these gleanings from the great field of music outside the plot which Mr Salaman cultivates with industry and success, little need be said. That little, moreover, must chiefly concern itself with Beethoven's trio—a work rarely performed, although full of the easily appreciated beauty characteristic of the master's youthful productions. Its

execution by Messrs Salaman, Lazarus, and Albert was heard with interest and pleasure, not a little of this result being due to the admirable phrasing and mechanical skill of Mr Lazarus. Mr Salaman's own music showed him in a variety of aspects. As a composer of songs and part-songs he was liberally represented, special reference being due to a setting, for two voices, of Horace's "Donec gratus eram tibi." As this follows his version of "Ad Chloen," it would appear that Mr Salaman entertains a fancy for wedding music to the immortal verse of the Latin poet. We must say that, judging by the new duet, he is not presumptuous. Admirably rendered by Miss Alice Salaman (amateur) and Signor Rizelli, the piece made an impression proportioned to its melodic charm and refined taste. The concert-giver's talent as a writer for the pianoforte was shown by, *inter alia*, six characteristic melodies, bearing titles which must have sent some among the audience to Lemprière. These were played by Mr Salaman himself, and extremely well received. The *beneficiaire* appeared, further, as a composer for the church in an eight-part anthem, "How lovely are Thy habitations." It is obvious, from this work, that Mr Salaman has strong sympathy with the great masters of the English anthem. Among the artists who took part in the concert, besides those already named, were Mrs Sicklemore, Miss D'Alton, and the Orpheus Glee Union. There was a large attendance, the principal room at "Willis's" being full.

THE WAGNER FESTIVAL.

(From the "Graphic.")



As the period for the trial of the great Wagner experiment draws near, the curiosity of those who feel interested about the result increases in proportion. That, whatever may be the general verdict pronounced hereafter, a performance of an original, striking, and wholly exceptional character will be offered to the public can hardly admit of a doubt. Wagner, a man of unquestionable genius, endowed with unbending will, indomitable perseverance, and a rooted belief not only in the heavy task he imposes upon himself, but in his absolute power to accomplish it successfully, has been dreaming of and plotting this gigantic stage-play, where poet and musician, united in his own person, are to act equal parts, for thirty years and over. Even those cognisant of that which is generally known of him—his *Fliegende Holländer*, *Tannhäuser*, and *Lohengrin*—have but slight notion of what he has imagined and carried out in the *Ring of the Nibelungen*, what anxious hours and unremitting perseverance it has cost him to bring the realisation of his scheme to bear. Fortune, however, has favoured him; and now it remains to be proved whether half the duration of an ordinary life has been spent to good purpose, or comparatively, if not altogether, wasted. The sources whence Wagner has drawn his materials are to the multitude of thinkers in this especial age but scant familiar. The gods and goddesses of the Scandinavian Eddas, the heroes and heroines of the Icelandic Sagas, and the *Nibelungen* myths of the more polished mediæval Germans, have furnished him with his theme; and out of the heterogeneous mass of incidents in which they severally abound he has constructed a drama with beginning, middle, and end, an intelligible plan and logical development. This he has wedded to music after a fashion exclusively his own, in which all recognised precedents are set at naught. How he has succeeded must soon be published throughout the civilised world; for it is tolerably certain that competent emissaries to report proceedings will have been sent from all parts. One thing may be taken for granted: Wagner introduces this, the newest and most ambitious effort of his genius, armed with such means and appliances as were never before at disposal of musician—or "poet-musician," for that is the title to which he aspires. It will suffice here to add that the "stage-play" consists of a prologue and three dramas. The prologue—*Rheingold*—is to be performed on Sunday, August 13; the dramas *Die Walküre*, *Siegfried*, and *Götterdämmerung*—in immediate rotation, on the three following days; so that the whole may be heard uninterruptedly, in so far as is conformable to the habits of man, who eats and drinks and sleeps.

LOSCHWITZ.—Professor Heinrich Dorn celebrated, on the 15th July, the fiftieth return of the day on which an opera from his pen was first produced.

THE MENDELSSOHN FOUNDATION.

(From a Correspondent.)

The managing committee of the Mendelssohn Foundation at Leipzig have issued their sixth report, embracing the years 1874 and 1875. The object of the Foundation is, as most persons are aware, to afford pecuniary aid to poor but talented applicants connected with science and art. The Foundation has been established since 1863. Its capital was, in 1875, something over 15,000 marks, while the voluntary contributions, during 1874 and 1875, amounted to about 66,000 marks. During the above two years, relief was afforded in sixty cases, in sums varying from three to sixty marks. Most of the recipients were necessitous students. The remainder included tradesmen, authors, schoolmasters, shopmen, apprentices, musicians, actors, &c. C. C.

Leipzig, July 24.

—o—
WAIFS.

After distributing the prizes of merit, at the meeting of the Royal Academy of Music, M^{me} Christine Nilsson was presented by the young aspirant to vocal honours, Miss Marie Davies—a Christine *en herbe*, for all we know—with a handsome bouquet, which was gracefully accepted and courteously acknowledged by the nightingale of Scandinavia.

Herr Sigismund Lehmeier has left London for Mayence, *en route* to Bayreuth.

The first number of a new musical journal, *Il Progresso Musicale*, has been published at Rome.

M. Saint-Saëns has returned to Paris. On his way he played at Dieppe, it is said, with great success.

We understand that Mr Carl Rosa has increased the number of stringed instruments in his orchestra.

Offenbach is engaged upon no less than three operas, to be produced in Paris during the forthcoming winter.

M. Faure left London for Paris on Tuesday, to make preparations for his autumn and winter tour in the principal towns of France.

Offenbach, having had enough of the United States, has returned to France, and is now reposing on his laurels at his estate near Etretat.

Signor Cagnoni is setting an opera to music entitled *Francesca da Rimini*. Amateurs who remember his *Don Bucefalo* will shrug their shoulders.

M. Léon Escudier has made some recent additions to his company for the ensuing season at the Théâtre-Italien; among others, Signors Carpi and Piazza, tenors from Covent Garden.

Liszt has just published a new orchestral work, entitled *The Bells of Strasbourg Cathedral*. What next are we to expect from the renowned Abbate, friend of Pío IX. and right-hand promoter of Richard Wagner?

PHILHARMONIC SOCIETY.—The following are the names of the directors of the Philharmonic Society for next season: G. F. Anderson, Francesco Berger, F. B. Jewson, Walter Macfarren, Charles Santley, Charles E. Stephens, John Thomas.

Verdi's *Aida* has at length been brought out at the Teatro Malibran in Venice, the chief characters being assigned to their late representatives in Paris. The attraction of this last opera by Italy's foremost living dramatic composer was hardly so great as had been anticipated.

It is reported that the Sacred Harmonic Society is determined to include symphonies, cantatas, and other secular compositions, in some of its future programmes. If this is really so, there will be yet another great musical institution abandoning the specialty to which it owes the long consideration it enjoys.

In the Court of Session, Edinburgh, a jury awarded damages to the amount of £90 to Mr Charles Reade, the novelist, in an action against the *Glasgow Herald* for infringement of copyright in reprinting from the *Pall Mall Gazette* a tale entitled *A Hero and a Martyr*. The damages were originally laid at £120.

Meyerbeer's *Africaine* has been produced, for the first time, at Buenos Ayres, with great success, the character of Selika being sustained by M^{lle} Wiziak, who may be remembered some years ago at Her Majesty's Theatre, and that of Vasco di Gama by Sig. Gayarre, the promised new tenor, this year, both at Covent Garden and Drury Lane.

M^{lle} Zaré Thalberg will return from Barcelona to be one of the principal singers in a country tour organized by Mr Gye.

Mr Josiah Pittman has gone to Milan (taking Paris in his way) on matters of importance, the issue whereof will be made known.

Sig. Schira has gone to Paris, where it is hoped (and all lovers of good operatic music will hope) he may obtain his sometime-expected libretto in the French language for an opera to be produced on the Parisian stage. From Paris Sig. Schira goes to take his annual holiday at Milan, and in other parts of Italy, where his merits as a composer are becoming more and more appreciated.

The sixth annual report of the Mendelssohn Foundation, instituted at Leipzig in 1863, in aid of necessitous students, artists and men of learning, is not very bright, the assistance given to some sixty claimants during the last two years, averaging from three to sixty marks (3s. to £3). The capital of the Foundation, however, does not much exceed 20,000 marks; and what can the interest of such a sum effect towards the object in view?—*Graphic*.

A SINGULAR LETTER ADDRESSED TO A MUSICIAN.—DEAR SHOE (Mus. Doc.),—You ask me to dine with your brother at a quarter to six in the first part of your letter, and at a quarter-past six in the second. I don't think I shall get through the first dinner in time for the second, and will, with your permission, attend at the second only. But that I may be within reach of both, it will be better, perhaps, to be with you at eight.—Yours, SHAVER SILVER.

Mr Carl Rosa intends opening at the Lyceum with Cherubini's *Water Carrier (Les Deux Journées)*, which was so successful in America, again at the Princess's Theatre last season, and subsequently in the country. It is a feather in the spirited impresario's cap to have helped so fine an opera to popularity in this country. Wagner's *Fliegende Holländer*, Adolph Adam's *Giralda*, Nicolo Isouard's *Jocunde*, and Beethoven's *Fidelio* are also among the (English?) operas Mr Rosa intends producing.

A strong English opera company has been formed by Messrs Gunn, of the Gaiety Theatre, Dublin. The soprano parts will be divided between Miss Rose Hersee and Miss Blanche Cole, the two principal English operatic *prime donne* of the present day. The contralto will be Miss Annie Goodall, the principal tenor Mr W. Parkinson. The first performance will be given on Monday at Dublin, and after three weeks' stay at the Gaiety Theatre the company will proceed to Liverpool, Sheffield, &c., probably visiting London later in the season. The conductor is Mr Sidney Naylor, whose excellent qualifications for the post are well known.

FRANKFORT-ON-THE-MAINE.—The season at the Stadttheater will be inaugurated with M. Ambroise Thomas's *Mignon*.

DARMSTADT.—The Grand-Duke has conferred on Herr Schläser, Court Chapelmaster, the Gold Medal, with Ribbon, for Art and Science.

DRESDEN.—After an animated debate, the Second Chamber voted, with only six dissentient voices, the extra sum of 700,000 marks demanded by the Government for the purpose of completing the new Theatre Royal.

BRESLAU.—To celebrate the fifty-first anniversary of its foundation, the members of the Singakademie executed lately, in the Aula Leopoldina of the Royal University, J. S. Bach's *Magnificat* in D major, as arranged by Robert Franz. The performance was under the direction of Herr Jul. Schäffer.

LIEGE.—The festivities next year in celebration of the fiftieth anniversary of the Royal Conservatory of Music and of the twenty-fifth anniversary of the Légia Choral Society bid fair to be successful. The Corporation have voted a sum of 12,000 francs to aid the Conservatory in getting up a festival on the model of the gatherings in Germany. They have, also, granted the Légia 4,000 francs towards organising a choral competition.—M. Radoux, director of the Conservatory, has been created member of the Academy of Music, Quebec.

FRANZENSBAD.—C. Oberthür's *Loreley*, a legend for orchestra, with harp *obbligato*, which at a recent concert of the Dublin Philharmonic Society was so favourably spoken of by the Dublin papers, was first performed at the Covent Garden Promenade Concerts two years ago, where it was repeatedly played with marked success. Since then it has been heard at Philadelphia, Dresden, Chemnitz, Annaberg, Carlsbad, Brunswick, Aix-la-Chapelle, Ratisbon, Schwerin, and lately at Franzensbad, where the Sinfonie Concert on July 18 consisted of the following programme:—Mendelssohn's overture to *Athalie*; Beethoven's Symphony in D; C. Oberthür's *Loreley*; and R. Wagner's grand Centennial Inauguration March. The Court Chapel, under music-director Th. Tomaschek, played with great spirit and precision; and M^{lle} Anna Dubez, who took the harp part in C. Oberthür's *Loreley*, met with a no less deserved ovation than her performance of the same composer's Concertino for harp and orchestra some time ago.

RAVENNA.—Verdi's *Requiem* has been successfully performed.
CASSEL.—Herr E. Pauer, of Vienna, has been appointed Musical Director at the Theatre Royal.
SEVILLE.—The Corporation have presented Signor Stagno with a bronze statuette, value 5,000 pesetas, for having sung gratuitously in Señor Esliba's *Miserere* during Passion Week.
ST PETERSBURG.—Verdi's *Aida* will be produced next season at the Maria Theatre. The libretto has been translated into Russian by the Prompter of the Russian operatic company.
COLOGNE.—A summer theatre, called the Flora-Theater, has been opened by Herr C. Simons. The attraction consists of light operas, such as *Martha*, *La Fille du Régiment*, *Le Maçon*, *Czaar und Zimmermann*, &c.

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